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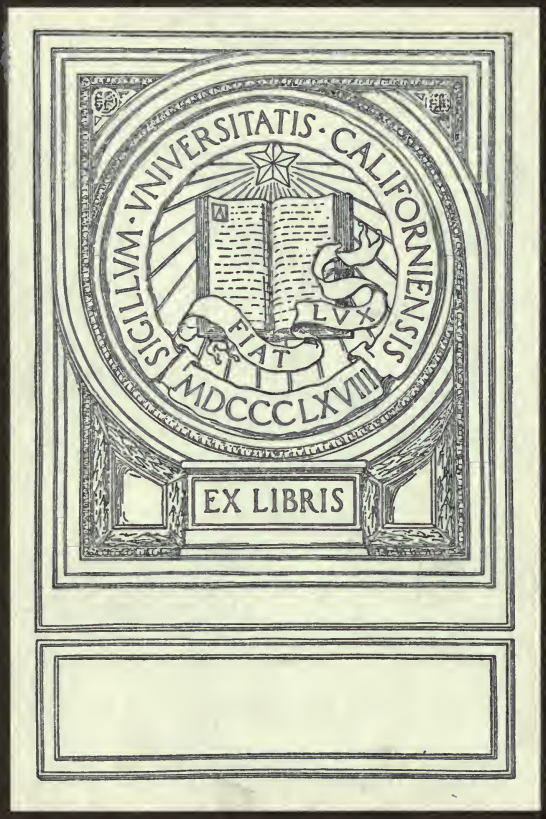
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HARVARDIANA.

VOL. II.—NO. II.

1-12, 6.17

"National Novels." Anonymous article in Harvardiana" Vol. 2, no. 2.

"Juvenis tentat Ulyssei flectere arcum."

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UNIV OF
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HARVARDIANA.

No. II.

LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK. — No. II.

I LIKE to visit our old battle fields. The associations connected with them are fraught with such generous emotions, that I always leave them with an exalted idea of my race and country. I love to refresh my memory of history, with an actual view of the spot in which some of its momentous events have occurred. There is a holy influence about the place, which inspires me with something more than my usual ardor. I feel a glow of admiration at the zeal with which men will devote themselves to their country; my patriotism is invigorated, and I return with firmer resolutions to stand by my country, for which so much blood has been shed.

The early wars between the Colonies and the French for the possession of the border posts, seemed a necessary preparatory step to the Revolution. By these conflicts the Indians were taught a salutary lesson of the power of the colonists, and the Americans were trained in the severe trials of Indian warfare, to a skilful handling of their weapons in the struggle for Independence. In these wars the Commander-in-chief received the rudiments of his

military education, with many of his subalterns; and it was on Braddock's Field that he first gave proof of that consummate wisdom and prudence which so distinguished him above other men.

In the wanderings of an idle summer, chance brought me to Pittsburgh, and from that city I took occasion to visit Braddock's Field. It might have been expected that the long lapse of time since the battle would have left but little remembrance of it in the country around; but no, it was still fresh in the memory of the old settlers, and the rising generation had received ample accounts of it by tradition. On the crown of the hill, in an old log hut, there lives an old revolutionary soldier, who acts as guide to the curious stranger. His memory is stored with facts gathered from participators in the battle, or extorted by dint of inquiry from the Indian survivors. We found him laboring with his children, in making a clearing in the woods, and wielding the axe, as if his arms were nerved with the strength of manhood, instead of being oppressed with the weight of fourscore. On invitation he came limping down into the road, and taking his walking crutch from the hands of one of his descendants, he set out to guide us around the field. Here, in the bosom of the West, in close vicinity to the Indian battle grounds, the scenes of his glory in the wars of Anthony Wayne, raised to an humble independence by the bounty of his government, he has set himself down to spend in tranquillity the remaining years of his life. As I gazed upon his weather beaten countenance, and marked the furrows which time and care had worn upon it, the dark scenes of the Revolution came athwart my memory, and my heart yearned at finding myself in the presence of one of the survivors of the days which gave birth to my country. I felt as if I stood before a venerable parent; I could give utterance to my feelings only by a gush of tears — the warm effusion of gratitude.

The country around is of a wild and romantic character, and seems a fitting spot for deeds of violence. The Alleghany mountains are seen far in the distance looming up with their black summits into the sky, and the whole surface of the country is broken up into mountainous ridges and hills. Braddock's Field lies on the slope of a hill, rising with a gentle ascent from the Monongahela. Two deep ravines enclose it on either side, and at the time of the battle it was a wild tract of woodland. Relics of the battle still lie scattered over its surface — its very soil seems thick with human bones, and at every step you strike upon some fragment of the human frame, or some piece of military weapons. Mementos of the battle are in the hands of the inhabitants for miles around; and if the same spot should ever again be a contested ground, the surrounding population might rush to the conflict, armed with the very weapons which were wielded here an age before. The Indian tomahawk might again be grasped — the heavy musket of the British grenadier, and the unerring rifle of the Colonist, might again pour forth their destructive contents.

But let us withdraw now, as our veteran guide begins to feel the twitchings of pain from the bullet which some Indian foe planted in his side, when he fought under "Mad Cap Wayne," as he calls General Anthony Wayne. Standing on the doorstead of his hut, let us survey the scene as it existed at the time of the battle. Sweep your eye around the horizon. See ye nought in motion in those deep woods, which fringe the border of yonder stream? Aye — at yonder ford, there issues forth a little band of armed colonists, with a tall Indian in the advance as their guide; and now above, at the other ford, is seen a gay troop, with a mounted general at their head, forcing their way across the stream! This is Braddock's regiment, and the other is commanded by Colonel Washing-

ton. They have reached our side, and now they advance in irregular files up the hill, notwithstanding Colonel Washington is standing by the horse of Braddock petitioning first to scour the woods with his rifle rangers. Hark! in those dark defiles at our side, I hear the click of the rifle, and the burnishing of the tomahawk! And now, as the troop ascends the hill, down, deeper down the murderous band nestles in the tangle, awaiting with fiendish delight the approach of their unsuspecting victims! Oh, would that the General had heeded the persuasion of the Virginia Colonel! But it is too late; they are abreast of the ravines, and now, down upon them, the French and Indians pour a shower of rifle balls and tomahawks. The gallant band is staggered for a moment, but the Virginia Colonel, pushing on his forces in the advance, encourages their drooping spirits. They rally — but too late; the deadly rifle is thinning their numbers, and ah, treachery is in the ranks, for there falls the British general by the fire of one of his own soldiers* — panic is spreading amongst them; the officers' voices are unheard — and away they tumultuously hurry down the hill! The banner of England is trailing in the dust, while the white flag of France, planted on the top of the hill, waves in triumph. More than six hundred men, on this day, poured out their blood a sacrifice to

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* Such was the fact, as, according to our guide, Braddock was killed by an American soldier, who related himself the circumstance to him. Braddock had given some rash orders to a soldier, which the soldier was loth to obey. Braddock turned to him, and accused him of cowardice; and on the soldier's persisting to refuse, he raised his sword to strike him down. At this moment, John Hammond, to save his brother's life, fired his pistol at Braddock, which struck him in the armpit, and mortally wounded him. The arm, however, followed its original direction, and cleft the skull of the soldier.

arrogance and temerity. Such was the battle of Braddock's Field!

Not an Indian, of all those who fought with the French, now survives, save an old chief who lives up near the sources of the Alleghany, and whose head is whitened with the snows of more than a century of winters. This chief, who bears the name of "Corn Planter," was a conspicuous actor in this battle on the part of the French. His tribe still hold the grounds on the Alleghany, which their ancestors for ages before them possessed. Old "Corn Planter" has witnessed two generations fall before him, and has seen the hunting grounds of his sires become the sites of populous cities, and flourishing farms. At times, when he comes down to Pittsburgh, he visits the battle field, and there, arm in arm, may be seen the old soldier and Indian chief, treading with faltering step, and recounting over and over again the battles of their youth.

THE SONG OF THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

Dash on, thou dark blue wave,—
In freedom onward roll!
I love thy wild career,
It cheers my saddened soul;
To dance upon thy bosom,
So proud and joyously,
My frame with rapture thrills,
My eye gleams bright and free.

The heart which softness feels
  May love the placid stream,
When o'er it brightly steals
  The silent pale moonbeam.
But dear to me thy roar,
  It doth a bliss impart;
It breathes a spell which wafts
  A gladness o'er my heart.

Dash on — dash on, — thou wave,
  And sweep the foamy sea;
Thy waters seem to lave,
  And set my spirit free.
What though my weary limbs,
  These iron fetters bind,
I yet am bold in heart —
  I yet am free in mind!

HARVARD.

NATIONAL NOVELS.

WHILE we are erecting monuments of stone to the valor of our ancestors, it is also meet that we should present to the eye some living memorial of their characters; that their history should be interwoven with our national literature, and thus an imperishable remembrance of their deeds be transmitted to posterity. It is not sufficient that history records their exploits; it presents us with but a *partial* view of their worth. We can only attain to a just estimation of them by a knowledge of their general character. National novels are the best medium

for obtaining this knowledge. It is the part of the novelist to portray *character*, not, as of the historian, to record *events*. He examines into past and contemporary history to acquaint himself with the character of the subjects of his fiction in real life. Possessed of a perfect knowledge of his hero, it is his part to develope the character, by creating circumstances which elicit its principal traits. What a correct impersonation of the loyal cavalier is Sir Henry Lee in "Woodstock!" What a faithful delineation of the Southern Whig Peasantry of the Revolution, is the character of Horse Shoe Robinson! The characters here mentioned are correct representations of classes; but the portraiture of individual character has been equally successful; witness James the First, in the "Fortunes of Nigel."

The lapse of time has now consecrated the memories of the men of the Revolution, and sufficiently removed us from the equality of familiarity. Some venerated relics still survive of those immortal days, whose memories, rich with personal recollections of the great commanders, afford a valuable fund of information to the novelist; so that now, ere this venerated band shall become extinct, the national novelist should hasten to catch their dying whispers, and thus preserve unbroken the chain of history. We rejoice to observe this actually done in the revolutionary tales of Cooper, Kennedy, and Simms.

Genius has the power of consecrating whatever it touches. Scott has made the scenes of his novels shrines of literary pilgrimage from all parts of the world, and sacred spots in the eye of the people. Gratitude forbids us that we should cease to remember one spot hallowed with the blood of our fathers; it is then for genius, through the novel, to point out, and invest these spots with the enchantment of the associations of romance, and to assist the historian in keeping alive a remembrance

of the past. The novel, for this purpose, is more effective than the history, as from its superior interest it gains a more extensive reading. As a fiction it will be generally read, and thus may become a medium of the widest influence in developing those feelings of patriotism, which the exhibition of devotion to liberty and country must always promote.

Inexhaustible materials for fiction may be found in all the different stages of the history of the continent; — the Indian traditions still handed down among the tribes of the west — the inflexible and moral Puritans, with their perilous wars with the savages — the romantic character of the Southern settlers — and the great drama of the Revolution, with its stormy prologue and eventful scenes, — all these different periods abound in distinguished historical characters, with whose delineation the novelist may weave into his tale a graphic picture of the times. With this prolific source of material, opportunity is afforded of creating a purely national literature, founded on our own history, and separate from that of any other nation. Such Sir Walter Scott has done for Scotland, and Miss Edgeworth for Ireland; and such we hope some master spirit, who feels within himself the ability, may do for America. Thus the novel may become a useful appendage to history — recording events too minute for the dignity of history to commemorate, and presenting a perfect portrait of each character, which is only known in the history by his most prominent actions. Our traditions should be recorded, and preserved in the popular memory, that they may serve in moments of national gloom as quickening appeals to patriotic exertion. The purest models of patriotism are to be found in the characters of our fathers. Let them be illustrated, and set before the people; in their bright examples being incentives to imitation, and in their history of sacrifices

marking with reprobation the citizen recreant to his country's interests and honor. We want a fund of historical recollections to keep alive the spirit of liberty. Our country's history is rich in such animating recollections. They should be sought out. The scenes of one's own country's history most forcibly speak to the feelings of man. The invocation of the Athenian orators, to the shades of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ, always came like an exhorting voice from the sacred dead. So let the memory of the men of '76, with the fields of their glory, be kept alive, and cherished by the pen of genius; and we also shall have in our history names of power, whose bare mention shall wake the sleeping energies of the nation. Novels of this character would elevate the tone of public sentiment, by directing it to the contemplation of high moral excellence, and a correct appreciation of the services of public benefactors, and might even correct the present vitiated taste for tales of gross profligacy, and unnatural horrors, by the very contrast which the different characters of the two species of writing would exhibit. Thus every mound, which covers the bones of a soldier, may teach a practical lesson of patriotism. The curious stranger, who then visits our shores, will not travel from Maine to Georgia with but few objects to interest him, except the great wonders of nature; but at every step he will pause to ponder over some spot, hallowed to his mind by the writings of genius, and the local associations which they have awakened. The Chronicles of the Cid, wove into verse, were long the battle songs of the Spaniards; his heroic character was the model of the aspirant after true military fame, and the simple exhibition of his virtues, in the martial ballad, infused into the Spanish soldiery a romantic love of valor and honor, that for ages made them irresistible in the field. Are there not in the public characters of the fathers of the Republic virtues

more elevated and inspiring, than even those of the Cid and his fellow champions? Truly there are — patriotism, which in the Cid was a selfish love of glory — sacrifices, for liberty and the general good, without a parallel in the annals of history. It is for the welfare of the country — for the just formation of the national character, that they should be embalmed in some species of writing which most frequently meets the public eye. Novels form the reading, in some degree, of all classes; and it is in works of this character, treating of local history, that this desirable design may be best effected.

THE FAITHFUL ABENAQUOIS.

The following incident occurred at a village of the Abenaquois, on the Outawa river, where the French had established a military post, early in the 17th century. It is related by Père Lamartine, in the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," as a singular instance of strong affection in a native.

"Husband, dearest, do not leave me,
Thus in misery, —
No! thou canst not so deceive me,
Let me go with thee.
Think upon the accents winning,
Which my heart beguiled;
Think upon our love's beginning;
Think upon our child.
If thy haughty people spurn me,
And the pledge I gave;
If a wife thy pride would scorn me,
Let me be thy slave."

Thus, before her husband kneeling,
Prayed the Indian girl;
But in callous tone unfeeling,
Spake the heartless churl.
"Manta, vain thy lamentation,
Vain thine agony;
Never to my Christian nation
Canst thou go with me.
Know that o'er the deep blue waters,
Which our regions part,
Home, and wife, and lovely daughters
Wait my longing heart."

Wildly frantic Manta started
At the dreadful sound,
Senseless then, and broken-hearted,
Sank she to the ground,
With her infant in her bosom,
Child of woe and shame!
Like a yet unfaded blossom,
On a broken stem.
Reckless of her death or living
Spurred he through the wild;
And the Indian girl reviving
Followed with her child.

Through the forest, o'er the river,
Fast his way sped he,
But the Indian woman ever
Followed patiently.
Famine, toil, nor mountain steepness
Checked that wandering dove;
Who can tell the strength and deepness
Of a woman's love!
O'er the wide and pathless prairie,
Toward the rising sun,
Still he hastened; faint and weary
Manta followed on.

Crouching there, the ambushed foeman
Smote him from his horse;
There the faithful Indian woman
Found his bleeding corse.
Speechless, numb, in frozen sorrow,
Seated at his head,
Through a night that had no morrow,
There she watched the dead.
Death's deep shadows gathered round her
With their icy fold;
There, at dawn, her people found her,
Lifeless, stiff, and cold.

ELAH.

Life of Edmund Kean. By BARRY CORNWALL. N. York. Harper & Brothers. 1835.

SINCE Harvardiana does not profess to be a reviewing magazine, bound implicitly by what has been once asserted in it, we would wish to correct partially some opinions that were advanced in the last Number. We perhaps are wrong in saying, we wish to correct, for this is only a matter of individual preference, and we are equally open to objection for any opinions that we may express.

The purpose of the Life of Kean appears to be this, — to lay before the admirers of the drama, an exact, impartial account of a man, who was allowed by all to be one of the brightest ornaments of the English stage. However much disappointed authors and actors may complain of the little respect paid to the dramatic profession by

the public, it is apparent to impartial observers, that the stage is not yet altogether neglected, and that any thing connected with its improvement and decline is anxiously, perhaps too anxiously, watched by many. The theatre is considered not merely as a source of amusement, but by some it is regarded as a school of eloquence, and even as a criterion of public morals. It is not for us to decide whether this opinion is correct or not, but, at any rate, its existence proves that the stage is not condemned or despised altogether.

It is in consequence of this feverish anxiety of a portion of the public, concerning every thing connected with the prosperity of the stage, that the whole life of the actor, his public triumphs, and his domestic relations, are so eagerly examined. His companions are earnestly scanned with the eye of curiosity, and men are not content till they have opened his mind, and laid bare all his principles of action, nay all his thoughts. To satisfy this curiosity, the numerous memoirs of actors and actresses are penned, from the common newspaper column and a half, to the labored volume. To this cause, the narrative of the life of Kean, public and private, at the scenes of his triumphs, in the saloons of wealth and fashion, and in the taverns where he could throw aside the fetters of rank and ceremony, probably owed its existence.

Kean was not born to the hereditary possession of the stage, but was obliged to work his way up, with slow and toilsome progress, from the lowest rank of a travelling band of low actors, to the eminence, whence he dazzled and astonished the world. The very date of his birth is unknown ; and the biographer, in consequence of the early obscurity of the subject of his narrative, to give an account at all perfect, is obliged to plunge into the lanes of innumerable and nameless villages. He, who afterwards drew from the collected thousands of Drury Lane

the tears of sympathy and terror, was to be found at one time, accompanying his peddling mother in the exercise of her trade; at another, swallowing greedily the cheapest drink afforded by a knavish landlord to a poor, beggarly "camp-follower." No one who wished a true, correct account, would expect elegant, high wrought descriptions of scenes like these. The Life of Kean is not a romance; it is a narrative of facts, many of which must have been in the highest degree repulsive to the author. He knew his difficulties, and attempted, by playful pleasantries and humorous descriptions, to render that tolerable, which otherwise must have been disgusting. That he may at times have offended the rules of good taste, that he may have been drawn down by his subject, from the region of refinement to a less congenial atmosphere, is not denied.

Whether the life of so low a person should have been undertaken at all, is a question that will be discussed elsewhere; but this Life was undertaken, and, in our opinion, successfully conducted.

The biographer is deterred by no difficulties, but follows the subject of his narrative from his boyhood, through the periods of youth and manhood. We see the actor as a husband, as a father, and in this last character we rejoice to find marks of deep, generous feeling. We are carried from scenes, where the afflicted father is compelled for bread to assume the guise of merriment, to his home to see him mourn over the loss of his early hopes, and we feel that he was not wholly debased. We consider it no trifling merit of the work, that it presents so full, so perfect a picture of the man in every situation.

Soon scenes more congenial to the author's taste, than wanderings to and from the provincial theatres, open to view, and the reader accompanies, with lively interest, the actor to Drury Lane, shortly to be the field of his triumph. But innumerable disappointments are thrown

in his way, and not till after many alternations of hope and despair, is he allowed to appear. Shylock is chosen for the opening of his splendid career, and the audience, although with tempers vexed by the unsuccessful attempts of other aspirants to fame, and with faculties clouded and benumbed by the sleet of a stormy English evening, soon perceive in the "quick, flashing eye, in the countenance taking at every turn a vigilant or sinister expression," that the Shylock of Shakspeare is before them. The barriers overcome, and the course entered, a triumphant career lies before our actor, and Othello, Richard, are disclosed in their true and full proportions to the admiring multitude.

We are not acquainted with the newspaper remarks of those days, but the criticisms of Mr. Barry Cornwall on Kean's style of acting, and on the characters of Hamlet and Othello, do appear to us to possess some little merit, or at least to deserve more than a sweeping censure. Were *we* to choose specimens of our author's style, we should give his criticisms one and all, but time would fail us, and the book is at the perusal of all.

Unless we are afflicted with that morbid craving for attention from every foreign writer, which some of our countrymen show, we see no reason for feeling aggrieved, that so small a space was devoted to Kean's visit to America. He played in the same characters, that had been criticised in an earlier part of the volume. Of his success, the books of the various theatres, as well as the memory of some of us, will give ample proof.

V.

Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning. 8vo. Kay & Brother. Philadelphia. 1835.

In a nation yet young, and but just forming its oratory, it is necessary that it should have some classic models of eloquence, by the study of which it may create a correct style. It should have some manuals of instruction to guide aright the education of the student; and it is for these reasons that we rejoice in the appearance of this second number of a series of volumes, containing collections of the best speeches of the great English Orators. They are prepared by Mr. Robert Walsh, the eminent editor of the "American Quarterly Review." The selections are made with judgment, and the prefaces are written in an elegant and pure style. The volume under notice contains the best speeches of George Canning, preceded by an interesting and comprehensive biography.

Mr. Canning's speeches are characterized by all the essentials of perfect oratory, though the development of each of these requisites, beyond the degree to which he possessed them, is necessary to make a perfect orator. Brilliant wit, deep and solemn pathos, the keenest satire, and great logical acumen, he possessed in an eminent degree. As a man of practical wisdom, he always adapted his address to the character of his audience. Within the Parliament house, his speeches seemed framed after the most rigid models of ancient eloquence, pure in their taste, and entwining the choicest flowers of classical literature round the solid pillars of argument. In addressing the people, he brought down his mind from its commanding elevation to a level with their own capacities; not indeed sinking into vulgarity, but yet speaking in a homely English style, with an eloquence that made every

word thrill upon the ear, and, like one of our own orators, seizing every public occasion to impress his hearers with a love of country, and an attachment to high moral principles. His rich imagination indeed, at times, led him to decorate his discourses with too much ornament, but this was only an occasional defect. He was one of those men who are originally endowed with great capacities of mind, and who develope their powers not by an exclusive cultivation of one faculty, but by a due improvement of all. We should think that he received from nature a greater proportion of the imaginative than of the reasoning faculty; but yet, by a proper cultivation of the latter, he became one of the closest debaters in the English Parliament. His success was an illustration of the great necessity of extensive acquisitions, and hard study, to form an orator. His speeches, imbued with classical lore, give proof of his devotion to the great writers of antiquity, and their many illustrations, drawn from almost every department of literature, testify to his varied learning.

His career was a brilliant one from his youth upward. At Eton, he was distinguished as a scholar, and as a writer for a college journal founded by himself, entitled the "Microcosm," which was conducted with remarkable ability. At Oxford he gained great reputation for his indefatigable devotion to study, and his success in competing for several prize essays. In consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, he was obliged to leave Oxford without graduating. He betook himself to the study of the law at Lincoln's Inn; where his talents immediately attracted attention, and, as a young man of abilities, his acquaintance was solicited by the leading members of the rival political parties. At the advice of Burke, who in this instance, as with Barry the painter, generously offered him counsel and assistance, he left the law, and com-

menced preparing himself for a statesman. At the age of twenty-four he entered Parliament.

Although thrown into contact with the great orators of the golden age of English eloquence — Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, he soon attained a high distinction as a Parliamentary orator. He enlisted with the ministerial party, and thereby put himself in opposition to the great orators of the liberal party. He soon became their most formidable opponent, and even contested with them the palm of eloquence. While Pitt was at the helm of state, guiding the vessel with an energetic arm, and a cool judgment, through the stormy waves of public excitement, raised by the French Revolution, Canning, with a voice of power, which was heard even above the roar of the tempest, was encouraging the mariners to duty, and infusing into the most timid a spirit of courage that made them look danger in the face, and bring the glorious vessel, unhurt by the fury of the storm, into a harbour of peace.

He seemed born for his age and country. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, the accumulated weight of the liberal opinions of two centuries was brought to bear upon the British constitution. Had not the greatest intellectual power of the country come to its assistance, it might have fallen a victim to partisan violence. It was fortunate then for the destinies of England, that Canning lent his aid to the ministerial party. His political wisdom was manifested in this particular, that observing the increased sway of liberal opinions, he deemed it most prudent to relax in some degree the severity of tory principles. He therefore infused into the policy of that, the then reigning party, a tone of liberality, which modified their character, and diminished the virulence of opposition. Like our fathers, in the formation of our constitution, he made provision to adapt the British constitution to the character of the times,

without however impairing its stability, or original form. His views thus answered to Burke's description of a good government.

"If there be one criterion, which, more than all the rest, distinguishes a wise and prudent government, from an administration weak and improvident, it is well to know when, and in what manner, to yield what it is impossible to keep." *

His elocution was of a commanding character — of deep intonation, with a strong, and flexible voice. It was manly, and gave proper effect to his sentiments. His face bore the impress of his mind. His forehead rose high and bold, and his eyes were brilliant with intellectual light. He died when in full possession of the great object of his ambition — the Premiership — amid the universal regret of the nation. The exhibition of such a life, marked with so many virtues, is an ennobling object of contemplation. Such men as Burke and Canning raise the standard of moral excellence, and exert an influence which extends to the latest posterity. An examination into the character of such minds, in their biographies, must produce a beneficial influence on the reader; inspiring him with a love of virtue, by an exhibition of its genial effects as developed in their practice, and prompting him to a persevering cultivation of the intellectual powers, by showing him what great effects they may produce, when properly improved. Though it was satirically said of Burke,

"He, born for the universe narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,"

yet we think it cannot be properly said of Mr. Canning. His powers were such as could insure success as an orator, and it was necessary, at the time he entered on

* Speech on America.

political life, that every powerful mind, adapted to politics, should devote itself to the defence of the state. His energies, united with those of Burke and Pitt, prevented the overthrow of the government, and the consequent long train of evils which would have ensued on such a calamity. As every statesman has it within his power to do, he improved the condition of society by the enactment of wise measures, tending to promote tranquillity and the security of personal rights, and he lent his influence to the exertions, then begun, to suppress the slave trade, and which afterwards had a successful issue. The influence of his actions may be seen in all the beneficial effects growing out of the above results, and which at once exempt him from the denomination of being "a mere politician," a name which is so profusely applied by the unthinking to statesmen who have not founded a new empire, or overthrown an old one.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

'T was not thine eye so calm and bright,
Nor cheek of rosy hue,
'T was not the smile that met my sight,
That could my heart subdue;
Although that soft and azure eye
With brightest gem on earth could vie.

'T was not that all-enchanting sound,
The music of thy voice,
Where that sweet melody is found
Which bids the heart rejoice;

Although 't would all the passions move,
And wake the softest strains of love.

'T was the tear of compassion,
That dimmed thy bright eye,
That caused me to love thee,
And heave the deep sigh.
Like the dew drop at even,
That kisses the flower,
Like the rain drop from Heaven,
That waters thy bower;
Like twilight's first star,
Shining bright and alone,
Was that beautiful tear
From thine eye, my loved one.

J. W.

THOUGHTS ON THE "CANT OF CRITICISM."

"less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose."

THE fact herein stated we hold indisputable.

Why is it that the author, he who attempts to please or improve a community, and enrich or elevate himself, by a public exhibition of his depth of thought, his wit, or his fancy, should be assailed by such myriads of difficulties, pass before such an infinity of courts of errors and appeals, and be lauded and condemned by final and

irresponsible judges without number, over and above what can ever fall in the way of the artist or the architect? If either of these, by a brilliant painting, a grand or beautiful edifice or statue, challenge the attention of the public, it is his undoubted right to demand that his work be examined and criticised by men of science and skill, proficients in his art, or, at least, that their judgments, their praises, their censures alone be generally respected and followed. But let ever so unpretending a piece of literary architecture be once erected and brought to view, every artisan who has ever wielded a pen, who has driven a nail or fitted a joint which has gone to the making of a theme or a sonnet, or who has even dreamed of doing so much, deems it his privilege to scan nearly and minutely all its divisions and proportions, to test the strength of its solid, the accuracy and beauty of its ornamental parts: perhaps, without taking so much trouble, to form at once a decisive, irreversible judgment on the merits of the whole, and trumpet it to the little or the great world, of whose tastes and opinions he has the guidance. And who can tell the number of such censors? —

"Go count the busy drops that swell the sea."

Amid their hosts, how hard for any fit, true standard of public taste to preserve its station, and to be discerned and followed!

And why is it thus? He will doubtless be able to answer the question, who has first succeeded in satisfactorily accounting for the general prevalence of that "cacoëthes scribendi," whose nature, symptoms, and means of cure were so eruditely set forth in the last number of our magazine. For that pestilence, so obnoxious in itself, becomes a subject of vastly increased moment, when considered as the basis, the first cause, and the constant

sustainer of the still more extended and more fatal one we are now discussing, and which might not improperly be denominated cacoëthes censendi.

> "Quod medicorum est
> Promittunt medici, tractant fabrilia fabri;
> Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata passim"—

and, when this is the case, and when moreover it happens that "ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss," it certainly becomes us to pay a portion of our serious attention to these ever great and ever growing evils.

An insuperable difficulty meets him at the outset, who undertakes to enter into any general statement of the causes, manifestations, and remedies of the propensity just alluded to. They are as absolutely endless as the characters of mind it affects. We shall be content with faithfully representing a few of the appearances of persons in real life, who have met us while under its actual influence, generalizing, classifying, and affixing names, both generic and specific, in such manner as may best suit our individual convenience.

One of the first subjects of our attention will naturally be the literary *croaker*. No mind can be a fitter receptacle of cacoëthes censendi than one characterized by that grumbling, unquiet, sometimes tart and waspish, temper, which finds its highest delight in sneering at all characters, and frowning upon all enterprises, that meet its observation. The unhappy victim of this propensity directs his view to the literary efforts of his friends and neighbours; conscious perhaps of his own inadequacy to the production of any thing approaching to the grand or beautiful, he finds it a convenient method of obtaining at least the negative fame of a critic, to ridicule the attempts, laugh at the failures, and sneer at the successes

of equally competent and more venturous souls. He "turns critic in his own defence."

> "All fools have still an itching to deride,
> And fain would be upon the laughing side."

Winning indeed must he be, who is able to change his unvarying smile of scorn into one of approbation and delight; grand, powerful beyond measure must be that which can awe and force him into rendering a tribute of admiration, whose uniform and natural offering is indifference or contempt. He is perhaps himself hardly conscious of the resistless power by which he is held in subjection to the fatal propensity under our consideration. Scanning every work that may fall in his way with eyes eagerly bent on the detection of defects and blemishes, his distorted vision at length comes to view these in all cases as the principal objects of notice, the main constituents of the piece, and its nobly or beautifully wrought passages (if indeed he be capable of at all perceiving or appreciating them) merely as the effect of incidental and unavoidable flashes of wit or genius. With a judgment thus miserably perverted, thus wretchedly illiberalized and debased, has he been wont to pass sentence upon the characters of those about him: it is idle to hope a better fate for their works. This creature has from his earliest recollections upward been lost in one continued, stupid wonder, why all the silly, disgusting, teasing, vexing, maddening things in the world happen to lie precisely in his path. We leave him to settle the problem, and to learn, as we trust he sooner or later will, the interesting truth, long since preached by a fallen spirit, in regard to the mind, as being "its own place." This is no fancy sketch. The last time we saw our friend the prototype, (for friend of ours he certainly is, and we have no small pride in the relation,) he was intensely occupied in search-

ing out the ugliest portion of the first number of a recently issued periodical. We left him, as he threw it aside, with something between a sigh and a sneer, at the emptiness and *flatness* of all sublunary things.

Next come your true critics *magnifiques*. The distinguishing characteristic of this class is an uncompromising disdain of all tastes and opinions pertaining to the sovereign *οἱ πολλοι*.

> "So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
> By chance go right, they purposely go wrong."

It has been our fortune too to be an intimate of one of this species. Blessed with a generous heart, and of powers and a judgment by no means contemptible, in an evil hour he fell in with the lofty mystifications and sublime absurdities of a pair of modern poets we may not name. His brain was turned: dim images of pastorals, tragedies, epics, and laurel crowns have from that time forth crowded it with a medley of phantasms, beside which the vision of the inspired Bottom himself, — that vision which "man's hand may not taste, his ear see, nor his tongue conceive" — might sink into the most insignificant and prosaic reality. Gloriously abstracted from the petty and gross world below, his whole interests, sympathies, affections seem transferred to that realm of ether, where "thron'd on the centre of his thin designs," he delights to reign in peerless sublimity, "lord" (we hope) "of all he surveys." How should a head thus lifted above the atmosphere of our planet be within the infection of cacoëthes censendi? Alas! who will not stoop to conquer? Our dear friend, (and he is but one of a class,) amid all his time consecrated to moon raking, has ever found ample opportunity for inspecting the literary efforts of his terrestrial neighbours. And still worse, (what a piece of work is man!) our critic *magnifique* is no less a

critic *enrieux*.* A few months since his lofty spirit was suddenly seized, and completely overwhelmed, with something very like a feeling of generosity and compassion for a then newly commencing magazine. He blessed it with his most condescending and cheering smiles. But there was no accounting for the distorted vision of those in power: in utter disdain of his high approbation, they, in the blindness of self-complacency, ventured an irreverent remark on some of the minor pieces of the above mentioned modern poets. Whoever has faithfully perused and feelingly sympathized with the sensations experienced by Gulliver, when, on waking from sleep, he found himself fairly bound to the earth by the choleric little citizens of Lilliput, may form some conception of the lofty yet bitter wrath of our hero, when he first beheld the reward of his condescension, manifested in this gross insult to the gods of his idolatry, (no small part of which he of course appropriated to himself,) and felt his own hitherto resistless Pegasus thus momentarily checked in his soarings, by such a corps of nonentities as the editors of a magazine. Not that he was susceptible of any thing like mortification, resulting from wounded feelings and a diminution of self-esteem;—the farthest from it possible. The satire of the aforesaid editors he of course viewed as proceeding from arrogant, pigmy intellects, between which and his own transcendent spirit intervened space immeasurable. He remounted indignant to his home in the clouds, whence he has since monthly descended, to watch the labors of those who presumed thus to slight his proffered favor, and to

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* "Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable." Whoever presumes to question the correspondence of our sketch with nature, is requested to look carefully once more at least before his final decision.

let fall upon them his high malediction. Moreover, the event just narrated seems to have been the ultimate cause of an attack of the true cacoëthes censendi, of the most virulent and malignant character. It would be painful to pursue his farther history, and he must be left here, if we would secure time and space for a portrait of yet one more sufferer.

This is that most obnoxious of all censors, the critic *ponctuel.* He may be seen, almost daily, darting along the streets, with a host of foreign and home-bred reviews in one hand, and of grammars, dictionaries, and dissertations on nice points in language, in the other, the very personification of optimism, the fac-simile of Dr. Slop himself. His whole capacious brain has been for years absorbed in one thought; — it is the abstract notion of that seventh folly of science, a "faultless piece," pronounced by the highest authority something which "ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be." In his pursuit after it, he has always at least the negative happiness of knowing where it is *not,* he being blessed in profusion with a certain happy faculty, enabling one successfully to

> "distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,"

which faculty, moreover, he is ever exercising to the extreme discomfort of his less punctilious neighbours. And thus, buoyed up "on wings of gilded butterflies," he moves on, 'mid "trifles light as air," in undoubting, untiring search after that real substance answering to his ideal perfection, which is ever eluding his gaze, and evading his grasp. Success to his labors; — and such a wish we must utter in the spirit of the purest benevolence, for, of a certainty, he is by no means the placid or harmless of the multifarious orders of cre lying under the influence of cacoëthes censer

teasing preciseness and verbality, his fondness for giving a "local habitation," and a very noisy one, to those "airy nothings" in his brain, so much better dreamed of than endured in waking life, and, above all, his unhappy keenness of perception and sensibility to errors and defects, invisible to ordinary mortal sight, render him any thing but a desirable companion for a half hour, and any thing but a pleasing or improving subject of contemplation to our readers.

As above stated, the labor of enumerating and fully describing all the genera and species of the mighty hosts subject to the influences of cacoëthes censendi, would be absolutely endless. There are your critics *ignorans*. Of these there are of both kinds, the ignorant *in toto* and *in parte*, (by which last we would denote one destitute of knowledge or taste on some particular class of works or branch of literature.) — Then there are your "laudatores temporis acti," and in turn your admirers of every thing novel; — "some foreign writers, some our own despise." Then come the critics *singulaires*, (above described,) and in much larger numbers, that vulgar species who

> "ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
> But catch the spreading notion of the town."

Moreover, there are in awful abundance critics *sublimes* and critics *vulgaires*, critics *poetiques* and critics *prosaiques*, critics *enthousiasmes* and critics *stupides*, critics *philosophiques* and critics *ridicules*.

If this be a true view of cacoëthes censendi and its victims, it will be at once perceived how utterly hopeless is the task of the philanthropist, who essays, by any general prescription, to "administer" to such infinite varieties of "minds diseased," of which perhaps almost every individual would require a different treatment.

There are however, a few considerations which, offered purely by way of preventive, may be of some service, and which, therefore, we beg leave, in the shortest imaginable compass, to subjoin.

What, then, are the essential constituents, the distinguishing characteristics of a true critic? The settling of this point, as it will be advantageous to all desiring to become such, may, on the other hand, be somewhat profitable to those vile profaners of the art, who abuse and pervert it, without inquiry or care about its nature and purposes.

In the first place, it may be thought almost needless to mention those obvious requisites, a sound judgment, a cultivated taste. The first of these is of course absolutely indispensable, and must be held of primary importance. It is in consequence uniformly pretended to by all true or false professors of the art. This, however, will clearly be of little avail, if unattended by the second requisite above mentioned, a cultivated taste; — cultivated, we mean, in regard to the particular department of literature and kind of works, on which its criticisms are to be employed. The architect, whose principal concern is with foundations and stone pillars, seldom deems it his duty to criticise what is intended purely for ornamental or fancy work; he would become an object of ridicule, if he should. Equally presumptuous must that literary critic be held, who, having directed his studies, for example, entirely to works of a philosophical and scientific character, fancies himself entitled to pass judgment on those of belles-lettres, perhaps of poetry, without knowing or seeking to know any thing of the nature and objects of this part of literature, or even to comprehend the true definition of the term which expresses it.

Perhaps one might consider, as included in a sound judgment, that non-descript, undefinable, yet every where

useful quality, denominated *nil admirari.* The intelligent critic will always be found far from extremes.

> "For fools admire, but men of sense approve."

He will rarely be led, by even the most glaring and gross faults of a work, into indiscriminate and uncompromising censure: he will always be ready, amid the highest beauties, to discern and point out defects.

It is perhaps the most material part of the province of the critic to decide what should *not* be written. Such qualities then as originality and beauty of conception, imagination, wit, depth of thought, and others, of vital importance to authors in different departments, are not in themselves equally essential to their judges and censors. Yet it may be doubted, whether they will not serve as very efficient aids in the formation of that judgment and taste, which all accord in positively requiring. Pope did not think it extravagant to say, that they alone should "censure freely, who have written well:" — and certainly, that a critic be able to enter into the spirit in which an author writes, to feel something of his enthusiasm, to form some conception of his trains of thought, will be of incalculable advantage in enabling him to come to some just appreciation of the mind of the writer, and of the soundness, the beauty, or the grandness of the writing.

All that we might add is best expressed in the following passage, from that youthful yet masterly performance of Pope — the "Essay on Criticism."

> "But where 's the man who counsel can bestow,
> Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know;
> Unbiassed, or by favor, or by spite;
> Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
> Though learned, well bred; and though well bred, sincere;
> Modestly bold, and humanely severe;
> Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
> And gladly praise the merit of a foe;

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?"

THE LAY OF THE JILTED.

Believe the cloud that veils the sun
  Will ne'er depart — will ne'er depart,
Believe that pity's voice will melt
  The miser's heart — the miser's heart;
Believe that storms will never curl
  The quiet wave — the quiet wave,
And trust that charms have power to rend
  The silent grave — the silent grave;
Believe that flattery's fawning tongue
  Will ne'er beguile — will ne'er beguile,
Aye, trust the faith of woman's frown;
  But not her smile — but not her smile.

The gladdening rainbow surely tells
  The storm is past — the storm is past,
Her sweetest smile but shows the heart
  Is most o'ercast — is most o'ercast.
Her vows as fair and fleeting are
  As winter snow — as winter snow,
The lover swears her softest *yes*
  Is always no — is always no.
Cupid one day his skill would try,
  I watched his dart — I watched his dart,
It pierced the maiden's whalebone stays,
  But not her heart — but not her heart.

Elah.

TO ADELA.

Lady, by the stars that glisten
In yon conscious arch above,
By the viewless forms that listen
To my plighted vow of love,
By this heart which fondly flingeth
All its incense on thy shrine,
Speak the word that rapture bringeth,
Whisper, dearest, thou art mine.

O delay not; — bitter sorrow
For thy coyness have I borne;
Let me not, another morrow,
Feel within the festering thorn!
Ah! that gentle smile thou wearest
Speaks of pity for my pain;
Bless thee! bless thee! sweetest, dearest!
Let me see that smile again.

Lady, do those witching glances,
And that bosom's gentle swell,
And the soft blush that entrances,
Sign a joy words cannot tell?
Speak they not the first of blisses,
First on earth, and first above?
Seal the holy bond with kisses, —
Holy — for the bond is love.

Elah.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Child of Nature" is indeed a *natural;* he has "wandered abroad" twice to no purpose: we advise him for the future to stay at home and keep quiet. "Mother Goose" we *presume* is so well appreciated, that there is no need of attempting to unfold her beauties in Harvardiana. "Complaint of the letter H," "Characters," "The College Bell," "Friendship and Love," "Farewell," "The Grave," and "X. I. O." are inadmissible.

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